

Pal. Tis in our power,
(Vnlesse we feare that Apes can Tutor's) to
Be Masters of our manners: what neede I
Affect anothers gate, which is not catching
Where there is faith, or to be fond upon
Anothers way of speech, when by mine owne
I may be reasonably conceiv'd; say'd too,
Speaking it truly; why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Followes his Taylor, haply so long untill
The follow'd, make pursuit? or let me know,
Why mine owne Barber is unblest, with him
My poore Chinne too; for tis not Cizard iust
To such a Favorites glasse: What Cannon is there
That does command my Rapier from my hip
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe
Before the streete be foule? Either I am
The fore-horse in the Teame, or I am none
That draw i'th sequent trace: these poore sleight sores,
Neede not a plantin; That which tips my bosome
Almost to'th heart's.

Arcite. Our Vncle *Creon*.

Pal. He,

A most unbounded Tyrant, whose successes
Makes heaven unfeard, and villany assured
Beyond its power: there's nothing, almost puts
Faith in a feavour, and deifies alone
Vorable chance, who onely attributes
The faculties of other Instruments
To his owne Nerves and act; Commands men service,
And what they winne in't, boot and glory on;
That feares not to do harm; good, dares not; Let
The blood of mine that's sibbe to him, be suckt
From me with Leeches, Let them breake and fall
Off me with that corruption.

Arc. Cleere spirited Cozen

Lets leave his Court, that we may nothing share,
Of his lowd infamy: for our milke,

Will

Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile, or disobedient, not his kinsmen
In blood, unlesse in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer:

I thinke the Ecchoes of his shames have dea'ft
The eares of heav'nly Iustice: widdows cryes
Descend againe into their throates, and have not:
Due audience of the Gods: *Enter Valerius* (*Jerins.*)

Val. The King calls for you, yet be leaden footed
Till his great rage be off him. *Phobus* when
He broke his whipstocke and exclaimd against
The Horses of the Sun, but whisperd too
The lowdenesse of his Fury.

Pal. Small windes shake him,
But whats the matter?

Val. *Thebes* (who where he threatens appals,) hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruine to *Thebes*, who is at hand to seale
The promise of his wrath.

Arc. Let him approach;
But that we feare the Gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terrour to us; Yet what man
Thinks his owne worth (the case is each of ours)
When that his actions dregd, with minde assur'd
Tis bad he goes about.

Pal. Leave that unreasond.
Our services stand now for *Thebes*, not *Creon*,
Yet to be neutrall to him, were dishonour;
Rebellious to oppose: therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.

Arc. So we must;
Ist sed this warres afoote for it shall be
On faile of some condition.

Val. Tis in motion
The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the desier.

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Pal.